

A

Eng. Poetry vol 28.

POEM,

Sacred to the Memory of the Honourable

The Lady *given* Aber-ny.

Humbly Inscrib'd to the

Quality of *Great-Britain*, &c.



WESTMINSTER:

Printed by A. CAMPBELL. Sold by Mrs. NUTT at the
Royal-Exchange, Mrs. DODD without Temple-Bar, and the
Pamphlet-Sellers in London and Westminster. MDCCXXIX.

(Price 3 Pence.)

A

POPE

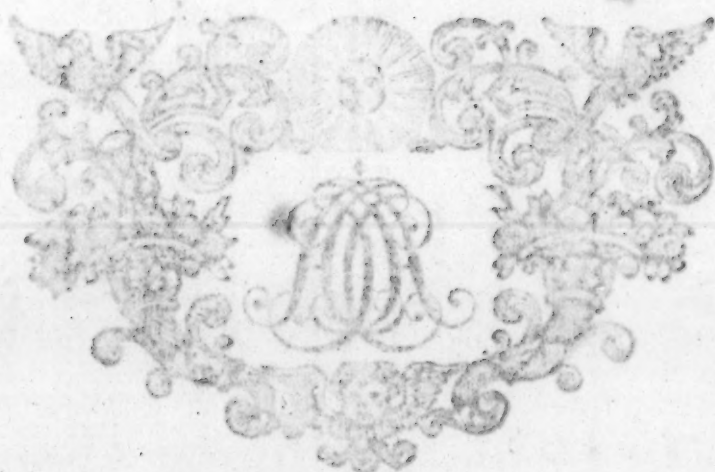
Selected to the Memory of the Honourable

The Lady Abernethy.

Printed by the



Quality of Great-Britain, &c.



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A
P O E M,

Sacred to the Memory of the Honourable

The Lady *Aberny*.



Y E Muses all, and pitying Virgins
come

And pour your Tears on poor

CALISTA's Tomb:

In the cold Mansions of the silent Grave,

May Her Remains a Sanctuary have.

B 2

From

From the malignant Blasts of fland'rous Tongues,
 Who have purfu'd Her Name with cruel Wrongs.
 May all Her Faults for ever be forgot,
 And let not Calumny Her Mem'ry blot.
 Unhappy Nymph, let none Her Crime upbraid,
 By Love and too much Gentleness betray'd:
 And, Oh! for ever may his Name be curst,
 Of spotted Villains be he rank'd the first,
 Who with a base Revenge and Malice fir'd
 Fierce Jealousy, in Her Stern Lord inspir'd.
 Inhumane Wretch, fure now thy Woes begin,
 And thou already hast thy Hell within:
 While pitying Heav'n, with Mercy sees her Fate,
 And kindly takes her to a happier State;
 Pardons the Fault she so sincerely mourn'd,
 And joys to see a *Penitent* return'd.

And

And, Oh! ye Railers, ye abandon'd few,
 How ill your Master's Precepts ye pursue.
 Reflect, when GOD Himself was here below,
 What Mercy He did to a *Sinner* show;
 And bid the Guiltless only throw a Stone,
 Streight all retir'd and left them there alone.
 With MAJESTY He rais'd His awful Head,
 And mildly to the trembling Creature said,
Again thy Life and Freedom I restore,
Now go thy Way, and look thou sin no more.
 The accusing Jews were juster far than you,
 By Conscience, self-condemn'd, they all withdrew.
 But among those who mangle thus Her Fame,
 How many's Crimes tho' not their Fates the same.
 Henceforth for ever cease Her NAME to tax,
 Nor with foul Calumny abuse your Sex;

While

While for Her Woes, my pitying Tears shall flow,
 A worthless Gift, but all I can bestow.
 My penfive *Muse*, Her Sorrows still shall mourn,
 And move Distress in Lovers yet unborn
 Who while Her hapless Story I relate,
 Shall learn to shun the Snare, and weep her Fate.

And mildly to the trembling **P I N I S**



While

